

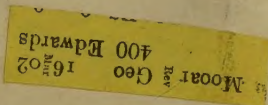
THE PACIFIC



Volume LI.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1901.

Number 48



A Canopy of Love.

I SAY to thee, do thou repeat
To the first man thou mayest meet
In lane, highway, or open street:

That he and we, and all men move
Under a canopy of love,
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,
And anguish, all are shadows vain,
That death itself shall not remain;

That weary deserts we may tread,
A dreary labyrinth may thread,
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet, if we will our Guide obey,
The dreariest path, the darkest way
Shall issue out in heavenly day.

And we, on divers shores now cast,
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,
All in our Father's house at last.

—Richard Chenevix Trench.

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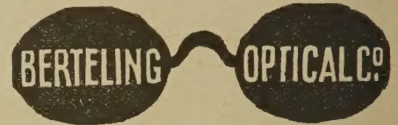
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Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

San Francisco, Cal.

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

Thursday, November 28, 1901.

Withdrawal of Missionaries from China Suggested.

In an editorial in the San Francisco Call a few days ago, on the Chinese exclusion matter, there appeared this remarkable statement: "We think that even our missionaries might be withdrawn as an offset to the withdrawal of Chinese now here, and both nations would profit by the policy." This is similar in sentiment to the utterances which have from time to time during the last year appeared in San Francisco daily and weekly papers, all of them showing a great lack of knowledge of the influence of missionaries and missions. It is safe to say that the Call will not find many people agreeing with it in this utterance. The testimony as to the value of missions is far too weighty to allow any such conclusion. There is no other movement on the fact of the earth today that has done, or is doing, anything at all commensurate with what the missionary movement has done and is doing. The missions of the early Christian centuries laid the foundations of and entered into our modern civilization. The fairest domains of earth are what they are today because men and women obedient to the marching orders of the Man of Nazareth carried thither the Bible and planted there the principles of the Cross. "The early church is the real architect of European civilization," says that eminent historian, Dr. John Lord. "She laid the foundations of the noble edifice under which the nations still shelter themselves against the storms of life. Christianity not only rescued a part of the population of the Roman empire from degradation and ruin; it not only had glorious witnesses of its transcendent power and beauty in every land, thus triumphing over human infirmity and misery as no other religion ever did, but it has also proved itself to be a progressively conquering power by the great and beneficent ideas which were planted in the minds of barbarians as well as Oriental Christians, and which, from time to time, are bearing fruit in every land, so as to make it evident to any but a perverted intellect that Christianity is the source of what we most prize in civilization itself, and that without it the nations can only reach a certain level, and will then from the law of depravity decline and fall like Greece, Asia Minor, and Rome."

It was in recognition of the transcendent influence of Christianity that Queen Victoria, some years ago, when a prince from the wilds of Africa enquired of her what

it was that had made Britain a nation so great and prosperous, sent back in answer a copy of the Bible.

Historians trace the beginnings of England's greatness back to that time when Augustine uplifted the Cross on her wild shores. Hallam tells us that the fierce tribes of the northern forests began to be nations when Boniface crossed the Alps as a Christian missionary; and Lecky writes the heralds of the gospel as the destroyers of the great social evils of Rome.

It was in recognition of the influence and value of the old Book which missionaries are carrying today over all the world that a long line of American Chief Magistrates, as they took the oath of office on the marble steps of the Capitol at Washington, bent reverently and pressed their lips to its pages.

In the city of New York the friends of this worldwide, beneficent movement gathered, not long ago, in conference. The honorary chairman of that great conference on foreign missions, to which came the standard-bearers of the Cross from every land under the sun, was the Hon. Benjamin F. Harrison, ex-President of the United States. On the platform with him sat William McKinley, the President of the American Republic, a man revered today as one of the greatest and best men of the centuries. There also was Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of the great State of New York—and now directing the affairs of the nation from the executive mansion at Washington.

And what did these men say concerning missions? Came there any suggestion from Benjamin Harrison or William McKinley or Theodore Roosevelt for the withdrawal of missionary forces from China, or from any country on the face of the earth? Ah, no! they knew too well the history of missions for the possibility of any such suggestion by them. Mr. Harrison noted the world's sorrow and its turmoil: "Agencies of man's devising may alleviate, but they cannot cure. * * * Christ in the heart and his gospel of love and ministry in all the activities of life are the only cure." And he counseled a tighter grip and a quicker step on the part of every soldier of the Cross in the work of evangelizing the world. He told how it strengthens the soldier advancing into battle, and quickens his pace, if a glance about reveals many penions and a marshaled host moving forward under one great leader. Once, in an advance of our army during

the Civil War, he said that a certain commander could see no more than half of his own line while the supports to his right and left were wholly hidden. It seemed to that commander as if his battalion was making an unsupported assault. The extended line, the reserve, were matters simply of faith. "But one day the advancing army broke suddenly from the brush into a savannah—a long, narrow natural meadow—and the army was revealed. From the center, far to the right and left, the distinctive corps, division, brigade and regimental colors appeared, and associated with each of these was the one flag that made the army one. A mighty, spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle and quickened his step. And 'what the savannah did for the army this World's Conference of Missions,' said Mr. Harrison, 'should do for the Church.'"

On that occasion President McKinley said, concerning the missionaries: "Who can estimate their value to the progress of nations? Their contribution to the onward and upward march of humanity is beyond calculation. They have inculcated industry and taught the various trades. They have promoted concord and amity and brought nations and races closer together. They have increased the regard for home; have strengthened the several ties of the family; have made the community well ordered, and their work has been a potent influence in the development of law and the establishment of government." "May this great meeting rekindle the spirit of missionary ardor and enthusiasm to 'go, teach all nations,'" concluded President McKinley, "and may the field never lack a succession of heralds who shall carry on the task—the continuous proclamation of His gospel to the end of time!"

No suggestion, nor hint, certainly in all that of any withdrawal of forces from any land, although the President was well aware that the missionary had often in the past been called to the martyr's death and that at any time the fierce fires of persecution might break out anew.

And when Theodore Roosevelt stood before that vast assemblage and the noise of a greeting second to none had finally subsided, there fell upon the ear these words: "In the field of missionary effort, in the field of effort for civilization, the hope of the world must lie with those who have the energy, the determination, the resolute perseverance to go out and do it, who do not fail to understand the importance of the work at home, but who remember also the importance of the work abroad." And then he said to the missionaries: "You are doing the greatest work that can be done. It is an honor and a privilege to greet you here tonight." It was on that occasion that Mr. Roosevelt told of his visit to some of the Indian tribes on the reservations in the Dakotas, saying that it was plain that "the great factors in the uplifting of the Indians were the men who were teaching the Indian to be a Christian citizen." "When I came back," said he, "I wished it had been in my power to convey my experiences to those people who speak about

the inefficiency of foreign missions. I think if they could have realized but the tenth part of the work that had been done, they would understand that no more practical work, no work more productive of fruit for civilization could exist than the work being carried on by the men and women who give their lives to preaching the gospel of Christ to mankind."

So abundant is the testimony in favor of missions that one wonders how it happens that so little of it, or none, falls into the hands of those who direct the utterances of our daily papers. The Hon. John Barrett, formerly United States Minister to Siam, so often quoted by daily papers on the Pacific Coast in regard to commerce, says concerning the missionaries: "In the five years I was there they gave me less trouble, and at the same time more help and co-operation than all the business men put together. * * * As a layman and practical man who has studied the situation from beginning to end, I believe thoroughly in the work of the missionaries in Siam."

Consul Goodnow of Shanghai, speaking, not many months ago, before the Chamber of Commerce in San Francisco, said one reason why the American nation stood in so great favor in China was because the missionary had been an educator, seeking unselfishly the welfare of the people, giving them the school, the hospital, the dispensary, and in every way ministering to their best interests. And the United States Minister to Japan said not long ago that the foreign missionaries had done more for the enlightenment and progress of Japan than all other foreign influences combined. Sir Augustus Rivers Thompson, Lieutenant Governor of Bengal, is on record with this testimony: "In my judgment, Christian missionaries have done more real and lasting good for the people of India than all other agencies combined. They have been the salt of the country and the true saviors of the empire." And as to China, that eminent educator, President Angell of the University of Michigan says: "Civilization cannot go ahead of Christianity in China. Christ must go ahead of steam engines and reaping machines in China, if they are to stay there." And Colonel Denby, who as United States Minister to China had exceptional opportunity for investigation, says that we owe the new commerce and "the open door" in China, not to our diplomats, but to the missionaries.

In the light of history, in the light of such testimonies as these, the Call should revise its opinion that the withdrawal of the missionaries from China would be for the profit of that nation, or such a swapping as it suggests be for the mutual profit of China and the United States.

There is no danger of any such agreement or withdrawal. The suggestion of it is scarcely worth attention. The Christian nations must, in their own interests, for the sake of their own life and perpetuity, if for no other reasons—and there are other reasons—uplift and transform China. The Chinaman will become ere long a soldier; and when he does, let the world look out! As a nation, we shall need to do our duty toward them, or more pressing problems than those of coolie labor will

confront us before many decades roll around. The time long ago passed when a nation could live unto itself. It is, go and live; stay and die. America will continue to uplift China or China will drag America down. They are four hundred million people, in a land having room for five times that number, and they are our next door neighbors. The great Napoleon, as he looked into the future, said: "When China is moved it will change the face of the globe." China is beginning to move. It is perhaps in the power of America as in that of no other nation, to direct that moving in ways that will be for the world-wide good of man and the glory of God.

If we as a people shall succeed in thus directing that people beyond the sea, it will be only by keeping in mind such things as these and such words as were spoken a few days ago in New Orleans by the Hon. John Barrett, and which came to our notice just as we were writing the closing paragraph of this editorial—and too late for their proper place in the article. Speaking of the missionaries Mr. Barrett said: "They are a necessity to the Asiatic statesmen and people to provide them with that instruction and information required to undertake genuine progress and development." And further: "They have done more than either commerce or diplomacy to develop respect for American character and manhood among the countless ignorant millions of Asia." And still further: "They are helpful in preparing the way for legitimate commercial expansion, and almost invariably precede the merchant in penetrating the interior."

Mr. Barrett says that he went to Asia seven years ago as a United States Minister prejudiced against the missionaries. But that, after four years' residence in Siam, and a year or more in China and Japan, he returned convinced of the practical value and importance of their work and he declares that "our churches and our chambers of commerce should labor in co-ordinate, and possibly co-operative, endeavor to advance their respective interests among Asia's uncounted millions."

When the men who write for the secular press criticisms of missions and missionaries study missions as they ought there will be much less of what all their well-informed readers know to be mere twaddle.

Under Marching Orders.

It is sometimes said by the opponents of foreign missions that we ought not to send missionaries to heathen lands for the reason that the people in those lands are satisfied with their condition. This is an objection made by some secular papers during the last year. Satisfied? So were our pagan ancestors in the wilds of Britain satisfied. They delighted in fighting all day and in drinking all night. The religious ceremonies of some of them consisted in the sacrifice of human victims, of the burning alive now and then in cages of men and animals together. At other times they would place in wicker crates fair young girls to be shot at with arrows, auguring how their battles would turn out by the way the blood of these caged victims flowed. Among those

early Saxon tribes were peoples the most cruelly ferocious. In their estimation war and pillage constituted a freeman's work. They left to women and to slaves the care of the land and the flocks and roamed over land and sea, satisfying their barbarous natures by pillage and bloodshed. Their deities were of a harsher and more terrible type than those of Southern and Western Europe. They bowed in worship before the sun and the moon and delighted in honoring especially the god whose chariot wheels rumbled in the rolling thunder and roaring storm. The chief whom they delighted in serving was the one whose spear was ever reeking in gore, and their heaven was peopled only by those whose immortality had been won in blood. It has been well said of them that "their cruel and excitable passions when in full play knew no restraints, either of manly virtue or of pity for the helpless"; that "only in this impetuous fury and this maddened carnage did they feel themselves akin to Odin and Thor and worthy to drink of the skull-bowl of blood."

But over in Rome there were men who had heard the marching orders of the Man of Nazareth. The needs of those wild tribes without the light of life appealed to them, and the Cross of Christ was uplifted on their shores. Dare any descendant of those barbarians say today, as we compare the past with the present, lot with lot, that it had been well to leave those wild tribes to go on delighting in their savagery?

For centuries suttee, or the immolation of widows, was practiced in India. Thousands were burned or buried alive every year. It was regarded as a most exemplary and meritorious deed. Not only were women encouraged to thus die, but they were often threatened and constrained to such a death. The Hindus were satisfied with the practice. Once, when Sir Charles Napier, who was in charge of one of England's feudatories in India, objected to an immolation a high native official said, "But this is a religious rite, a most sacred one, which must not be interfered with. 'Yes,' replied Napier, "and we have a custom that any one who burns women alive must be hung."

It was the missionaries who began the agitation which resulted in the abolition of suttee. Early in his life as missionary Carey witnessed the burning of a widow. He turned away when remonstrance would not avail and when he could endure the sight no longer; but the horror of it, the agony of the shrieking woman, never left him, and it was his influence more than that of any other man which finally prevailed in quenching forever the flames of the funeral pyre.

Shall we say that the Christian nations should have gone their own ways and have left the Hindus undisturbed in that horrible custom because they were satisfied with it?

Notwithstanding all the good that Christian missions have accomplished during the great missionary century, millions of the earth's inhabitants are yet sitting in the prison house of darkness. In their great need no Christian can fail to hear the Macedonian cry, "Come over

and help us." And no sympathetic heart can turn away and leave them to themselves.

In China, even today, if one has a pain in the head it is a custom to pierce the eyeball or the drum of the ear to let the pain out, with the result often of blindness or life-long deafness. Writing of the blessed hospital bells that ring in Christian lands, J. Rutter Williamson, of the Student Volunteer Movement, tells of the accident bells that he seems to hear reverberating round the world: "Did you hear it just now? It was from China that the sound came. A poor Chinaman has fallen from a tree and injured himself. A crowd gathers round; they gaze and laugh at his sufferings, and when they have had enough, move off and leave him to die. Exaggeration, you say? No, sober truth; there is no Red Cross man there to take him to a hospital, no ambulance to carry him, no hospital to which to take him. If he cannot move, his fellow-countrymen will not help him. He will lie there and die.

"The bell is ringing in India. A boy has broken his leg. A string will be tied tightly round the fractured limb until gangrene sets in and a foreign doctor is sent for to amputate in order to save his life.

"The sound of the bell in Persia is wafted to us across the great plains and mountains of Asia. It tells of a woman in the hour of nature's sorest trial. The husband is by and also a medical missionary. 'No, thanks; you needn't trouble to operate; it's only a wife; I can easily get a new one, and I want a change.'

"Now it is booming and tolling in Africa, for a child in convulsions. What is to be done? A red-hot iron is pressed to the skull till a hole is burned down to the brain to let the demons out. Why not, it is only a girl; let her die."

Let the mind go back now nearly two thousand years. It is night time on the Bethlehem hills. To shepherds watching their flocks there come angelic words: "I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people." We hear those words sounding down the centuries. We hear also the words: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"; and those other words, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." We survey the past now, note the fact that the kingdom of Christ has been steadily taking possession of the earth; that more and more with the passing years have crowns been resting upon his head. We contrast the lands where Christ has been exalted and crowned with those in which he is unknown or where he has been crucified afresh. We study the religions of various lands and fail not to see that with every one its golden age is in the past, and that in them there is nothing that can really satisfy. We note the transformations wrought now in every land under the sun in human hearts and lives by the proclamation of the Word—in America, in China, in India, in Africa—and realize that so long as men and women in gospel lands look into the world's needy face and see its blinded eyes, they will hear and will be obedient to the marching orders of the Man of Nazareth—"Go ye and disciple all nations."

There are both a need and a command. The church is under marching orders. The Christian spirit is the missionary spirit, and the missionary spirit is the Christian spirit. The world waits in its sin and in its need for its King; and his church cannot remain his church and falter or pause in the work whereunto he has called it.

A Postal Card's Lesson.

W. N. Burr.

With my mail awhile ago came a postal card from one of the busiest of all the busy men of my acquaintance. He is one whose work for the day is always carefully planned, even, so far as possible, to minute details, for he comes to an appointment "just on the tick of the clock," and goes to the next duty with the same promptness. Affairs of church and state, local organizations, benevolent and industrial, his work in the class-room and in the study, all make their demands on his time and thought, and so his life is crowded with duties as varied as the weather changes. He is to many of his friends a personal inspiration. Often, in past days, when in our conflict with sin I have felt weakness creeping over me, because of a sickening sense of the inability of the laborers few and the inactivity of the disinterested church-members many, contact with this man has toned me up—his very presence acting upon a heart-sick fellow-workman as a most marvelous invigorator. Full of activity as all the days of his life have been and are, he is thoughtful and not neglectful of the little (?) services of kindness due from man to man. The postal card that came to me from the study of this busy friend the other day bore only a sentence or two of cheer and encouragement. It was not a business note and a word of encouragement, the word of good cheer supplementing a bit of business; the card was written only to send the helpful message.

"Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him," said Bayard Taylor. "Thoughtful and not neglectful," I wrote above. We sometimes *think* to do the little things—write a letter to a sick friend, speak a word of encouragement to a worker, take the hand of a young convert and whisper to him a word of Christian fellowship, thank the pastor for a helpful sermon, invite a neighbor to go with us to the prayer-meeting, speak to the stranger whom we see at church—but fail to carry the matter beyond the thought. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." Is not the Spirit of God prompting us when we *think* of these things? Is it merely a notion of our own that we neglect when we fail to follow the thought with the deed?

Most of us who are numbered among God's children mean well, no doubt, in the matter of meeting our obligation to others. We would not deliberately drop into the life of another anything unpleasant, however small it might be; neither would we willingly withhold any little helpful service we might render to others, "especially to them who are of the household of faith"; but we are sometimes thoughtless, or if thoughtful, so very, very neglectful.

" * * * it was never in my soul to act so ill a part."

We say with Hood; but God's children must not forget the warning of the next line—

"But evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart."

"It is more a coarse than an unkind world," wrote Hawthorne. The badge of real refinement is Christian consideration for others."

Where Evolution and Christianity Meet.

By Rev. Geo. B. Hatch.

[Given in the First Congregational church of Berkeley Sunday evening, November 17th.]

"How can one be an Evolutionist and also a Christian? and, How can one be a Christian and also an Evolutionist?"

I use the terms "Christian" and "evolutionist" in the strict sense. An "Evolutionist," strictly defined, is one who says that the kingdom of nature was produced "by continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." A "Christian," strictly defined, is one who says to Jesus, risen from the dead, what Thomas said to him, after seeing his hands and his side, and knowing that it was He Himself; a "Christian," strictly defined, is one who says to Jesus, risen from the dead, "My Lord and my God."

The question therefore is: How can one who holds strictly to Evolution—that the universe is produced by continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces—also hold strictly and fully to Christianity—that the Word was made flesh; that Jesus was the Son of God; that he was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day rose again from the dead; that he is Savior, Redeemer, and very God, to be trusted, worshiped, obeyed, and loved? It has been believed and taught that these two cannot walk together; that the strict Christian cannot be an Evolutionist; and that the strict Evolutionist cannot be a full Christian—one, that is to say, who accepts and believes the full Biblical doctrine of Christ. In the address which I made before our State Association I was supposed to make the former statement: that a strict Christian cannot be an Evolutionist. What I did say was that the Christian Church must not surrender to Evolution; must not accept that evolutionistic philosophy and religion which have been deduced from Evolution; must not give up the authority of its Scriptures, and the integrity of its Gospel, and the worship of its Christ—which is very far a different thing from saying that a strict Christian cannot be a strict Evolutionist. For myself, I claim to be both; and I do not see how any one can be true to past and to present, to the truths of science and the equally definite and demonstrated truths of religion, without being both.

If there is any difficulty in being a strict Christian as well as an Evolutionist, the cause of the difficulty lies in this, that Evolution is no longer held strictly, but is turned into a philosophy. Strict Evolution simply says that this great universe actually and historically came into existence "by continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, and by means of resident forces." This is what Nature tells; this is what the fossils, the strata, and the historic order, say. And it is *all* that Nature tells; it is *all* that the fossils, the strata, and the historic order, say. It is therefore all that a strict statement of Evolution can contain. But the mind of man begins to ask about those "laws," and about those "resident forces"; and no sooner begins to ask than to propose answers; and no sooner proposes answers but at once is ballooned above the solid ground of fact and set afloat among the clouds and in the thin air of speculation. And then comes the curious result that because the facts of science are so solid and so carefully ascertained, therefore the speculations of scientific men in the field of philosophy and religion are supposed to be equally valid and valuable. This has been the trouble. The speculations of scientific and of unscientific men concerning the ascertained fact of the "certain laws" and the "resident forces" by which physical nature has been produced,

have not admitted the full Christ. Some of those speculations have been purely materialistic—that the laws and the forces are all physically inherent and spontaneous in matter itself; some have been deistic—that God himself is governed by unchangeable, physical laws; some have been theistic—that "God is in his heaven, and all's right with the world," that even God is in his world, and "every common bush afire" with him, and that he is not under law except as he is the Author and the Executor of law. But very few, if any, of these speculations have been strictly and adequately Christian; they fall short of that. The consequence has been that there have arisen a philosophy and a religion of Evolution which are indeed incompatible with Christ; and which cannot be reconciled with Christ; and which oppose the Church and the Scripture; and which, if accepted (as is too often the case), leave one hopelessly at odds with the history and the genius of the Gospel.

I should be unwilling to attempt the reconciliation of any of the evolutionary philosophies with the Gospel, and the Fact and the Glory of Christ. It cannot be done; and no man can accept those philosophies and retain fully his Christianity. He can be a Unitarian. He can be religious. He can be an excellent man. But he will yield his Bible to the Higher Criticism, in a destructive sense; and he will yield his Christ, as no longer to be worshiped, and as no longer to be needed as a Redeemer and Savior.

I say this here, because (1) I want to be understood; (2) because the differentiation is one which it is of supreme importance to make. I have lifted up my voice, and I have protested in my heart, against the philosophy and the religion which have been drawn from and fathomed upon Evolution; but never, since I began to understand the subject have I had any doubt regarding Evolution itself. It is not against scientific, but against speculative, Evolution, and I would couch my lance—a Quixotic lance even then, perhaps; nevertheless, there is a difference (and that a most essential one) between scientific and speculative Evolution, and the differentiation is not commonly made; and because the differentiation is not commonly made, hence the trouble and the confusion in which many find themselves, who are Evolutionists and who at the same time want to be Christians.

There could be no trouble if men would (1) let Nature tell them all she can; and then (2), instead of trying to wring more from her than she can tell, or to supplement her silence with their own speculation, would let the Scripture take up the story and clear the mystery. There is absolutely no difficulty between Nature and Scripture; between Evolution and Christ: the whole trouble is caused by the thrusting in of men's mystifying and muddle-making speculation between the two.

Nature's voice is single and clear. She says this: The universe is the result of continuous progressive change, according to certain laws and by means of resident forces. She says this, and is silent. Attempt to make her say more; lay your ear to her stony lips, like the Arab in the desert listening to the impassive Sphinx; it is in vain. Put more into her message, and you say what she does not say; you disturb and confuse her oracle—as the vagrant winds in Sibil's cave blew the leaves about, until her oracle became unreadable. But be a strict Evolutionist, and you can go straight on to strict Christianity.

For, Nature is not the only, and not the greatest, revealer of the secrets. In fact, she reveals none of the secrets, excepting, it may be such as are of readiest discovery. To know the secrets, to apprehend the mystery, we must resort to the Scripture, and we must also receive the Scripture with the same implicitness that we receive

Nature. Let me emphasize this latter point. We receive Nature implicitly. We never question any word that she has once spoken. We investigate; we pray; we peer; we use the crucible, the scalpel, the microscope; but we never say that what we find is not so; we always expect to believe implicitly the smallest and the largest word that Nature spells. We should do the same as regards the Bible. Investigate it; pry into it; weight it; use scalpel, crucible and microscope upon it; but, to find out what is in it, and in the spirit of readiness to accept implicitly what it truly says (the first word and the last word that it truly says); this is what we ought to do, and no more to set up our private judgment against it than against Nature. But, unfortunately, the man who sets up his opinions against the word of Nature is positively known to be a fool; whereas, the man who sets his opinions against the Word of God is only regarded as fairly using his intellectual freedom. But, of the two, the latter is not one whit more defensible than the former. If we say we have no Evolution, we make Nature a liar; if we say we have no sin and no Christ, we make God a liar; he wrote both books, though Evolution wrought the one and the hands of men the other.

The Bible, therefore, tells the secrets; declares the mystery hidden from the ages; shows how we may and must be Evolutionist and Christian both.

And it is this way: The teaching of Genesis is that in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. This teaching might be deistic—that God set things going, and let them go, to run according to laws that he himself has no power to change; or, it might be theistic—that God has constant relation with things; that his hand is on them; that he is free and able to execute the laws according to his will and mercy; that he is never absent and never helpless. The teaching of Genesis might be either deistic or theistic; but as we read on and find it drawn out and interpreted in the New Testament, we find that it is more than either; namely, that it is Christian.

For, in the New Testament, in a marvelously splendid passage of the epistle of Paul to the Colossians, we are taught who the God is which in the beginning created the heaven and the earth; namely, that he is the God which became the Christ. The passage reads as follows: "Who is the Image of the invisible God, First-born over all creation; because in him were created all things that are, in the heavens and on the earth, the visible things and the invisible—all things that are, stand created by means of him, and unto him; and he—he is before all things, and these 'all things' in him are held together."

Paul is speaking here of the Son of the Father's Love, in whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins. He is speaking, that is to say, of Jesus of Nazareth, who, according to the gospel which Paul preached, was crucified for our sins and was raised for our justification, and is highly exalted in having the Name which is above every name. He is speaking of the God who became flesh and dwelt among us; and became our Savior from our sin and from our sins; and became our High Priest and Intercessor in all things pertaining to God; and became our Elder Brother, sympathetic and true. He is speaking thus of God Incarnate, God Crucified, God Raised from the Dead, God made Prince and Savior over men—of the great mystery which is the heart and substance of the gospel of grace and salvation; the mystery which some say is impossible, and others unnecessary. He says that in this creation of continuous progressive change, according to certain laws, by means of resident forces, there appeared Jesus

of Nazareth, in due time, who, without disturbing by so much as a faint quiver of disturbance which the most delicate instruments could detect the order and process and onwardness of the creation, came as God; was God; was crucified, dead and buried, and the third day was raised from the dead, as Redeemer and Savior: in whom, therefore, we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins; in whom also we reach the liberty and the glory of the Sons of God.

This is the very heart of the trouble between strict Christianity and speculative Evolution. Strict Christianity says and knows that the gospel of Christ which Paul preached is true; speculative Evolution (not strict, scientific Evolution; but speculative Evolution) says that the gospel of the Incarnate God cannot be true, because God could not be born of a virgin and become a man; and that there is no need of any such gospel, because men do not require to be saved, but are all right as they are.

Paul therefore shows how it is that God could be born of a virgin and become a man; and this without disturbing, but, on the contrary, by the very operation of, the order of the Creation. And the secret is this: He, in whom we have our redemption, the forgiveness of our sins, is he *in whom* all things are created; is he *by means of whom* and *unto whom*, all things are created, and *in whom* they are held together. He is the Creator, the Cause, the End, the Bond, the Order, the Law, the Resident Force, the Secret, the Life, which originates, and moves and controls, and holds together, the whole universe, seen and unseen, and which makes the invisible heavens and the visible earth a cosmos and not a chaos.

The reason that we find difficulty in believing that God became a man, is simply that we conceive of the Incarnation as of God coming into the creation, from the outside, crossing or suspending its laws, transgressing its order; whereas, as John says, "He was in the world, and the world was made by him, though the world knew him not." There was no world apart from him. He was its order, its laws, its progress, its force. He furnished its material out of his own substance. He caused its continuous progressive change; he was its perfect law; he was its resident force; and so, since he thus "became" the created universe, there was nothing to prevent him becoming flesh and being born of a virgin, in one time and process, when the moment was reached.

According to the strict Christian teaching, the Incarnation is no more "miraculous," no more "impossible," no more contrary to Nature, than the Creation is. It seemed perfectly simple and natural for John and for Paul to say that he who "became" the Creation, also "became flesh," and walked the earth as the God-man. Since he is the order, the law, the resident force, the supplier of the material, of the creation, and since there is nothing at all apart from him, therefore, whatever he does *is* the order, *is* the law, *is* the advance, of the creation, and therefore the Incarnation is as natural as that a feather struck from an eagle's wing in his flight should float silently earthward in the still air. If we knew, if we were filled with all spiritual wisdom and understanding, we should expect the Incarnation with the same calmness of certainty that we expect the feather to fall. It is the same order and *he* is the order.

There is, therefore, no possible conflict between strictly scientific Evolution and strictly Scriptural Christianity. Strictly scientific Evolution can never do more than discover the creative process, tracing the actual "footprints of the Creator," discovering the historic path by which all things visible came into being. Strictly

scientific Evolution can do no more. Instantly that it attempts more, it becomes speculative, and loses its authority and its priestliness. On the other hand, strictly Scriptural Christianity can never say what is the creative process, and by what exact historic path man became man; but it knows what is the creative cause; it knows the origin and the purpose of the creation; it knows that "he was in the world," and that no smallest bit of protoplasm or world-dust has existence apart from him, but that each and all, and all in all, are in him and through him and unto him; and it therefore knows that the whole creation was so ordered from the beginning as that in due time he might be born of a virgin, be crucified for our sins, be raised for our justification, become our Elder Brother and High Priest, and that this was the reason that the morning stars sang together for joy at the dawn of the creation, and that the angels of God flooded the fields of Bethlehem with song at creation's highest noon.

Scientific Evolution and Scriptural Christianity ought therefore to marry. Each has what the other needs. Neither can do well without the other. God has produced each to be helpmeet of the other. And no voice can forbid the bans, excepting the yoke of speculative Evolution, which has no right in the case at all.

Let us once but see and believe the master-truth that the Creator is also the Christ, and that he so created the heavens and the earth as to become the Christ—not shutting himself out of his own works, but so ordering them as to make them the very vehicle of his coming and incarnation—let us once but see this master-truth, and grasp with both mind and imagination this connection and identity of the Creator and the Christ, and we shall have no difficulty in being "Christian" as well as "evolutionary" in our doctrines. There is nothing in Evolution itself to contradict this master-truth. Evolution is the story of a process. This master-truth takes us behind the process, and shows us both the worker of the process and the design of it, and makes us see the splendid fact that the creation is the very preparation for the coming of the Lord—the straight path prepared for his incarnation—designed and constructed on that very purpose. The creation is *in*, is *by means of*, is *unto* Christ: it is "Christian" through and through, from primordial matter to the resurrection of the Lord and the descent of the Holy Ghost. There is no schism in it anywhere. At all points and at all moments it is the vehicle of God—for him, *through* him, and *unto* him. Evolution tells us by what processes the vehicle was constructed.

Face-Value.

Editor Pacific: Some weeks since I called the attention of a Congregational minister to a question upon which there are differences of opinion, not only among Congregationalists, but also in other denominations; and lately have received his reply to my argument, which is in part as follows:

"I find * * * that you succeeded in establishing your main contention, viz., that the Bible taken at its face value does not teach the doctrine."

What attracted my attention is the expression, "At its face value." Without attempting a definition of the language as it existed in the mind of my correspondent, the question suggested to me was, Is its face value in excess of its real value, and if so, what discount must be allowed in order to ascertain its actual worth? Who is to fix the rate of discount from time to time after the method of the bankers in fixing the rate of foreign exchange? If dis-

count on the par value of the Bible is twenty-five per cent greater than it was a generation or two since, how many generations will be required to render it worthless as absolute authority?

As regards marriage and divorce, and the observance of the Sabbath, the authority of the Bible with the masses, and even with many who call themselves Christians, is now about nil. As regards the doctrines of the resurrection and justification by faith, through the preaching of which the Christian Church was at first built up; as regards the teachings of the apostles after the day of Pentecost, the truth of which was attested to by the Holy Spirit, the discount from all these is in some quarters so great as to render them almost if not quite worthless as authority.

Who, then, is to settle what the rate of discount from the face value of the Bible shall be, so that the ordinary student of the Scriptures may know what is the actual value of the record? These questions are not hypercritical, but vital, if the Bible is to be in the future to the common mind what it has been. Who will answer them?

Until within the last fifty years the Bible has been accepted as a revelation from God, and except in the Greek and Roman Catholic churches has been given to the people for the instruction of the ignorant, and for the guidance of the benighted; at present, instead of being a revelation, it is rather an enigma, which only the learned can hope to solve, and even among them the solution is far from uniform.

If one turns away from the questions of evolution and higher criticism and kindred perplexity, leaving them all unsettled, content to rest upon the assurance that "Christ died for his sins," he finds the efficiency of that death on his behalf so variously estimated and taught, that what he had supposed was solid rock, seems to be a very insecure foundation.

The gospel preached by the apostles was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," "for, by grace ye are saved through faith." Now, all the grace is discounted from this, and the remainder stands: "If ye will enter into life keep the commandments," and "Be ye perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." Which of these two messages will inspire the greater hope in the heart of a man oppressed with a consciousness of sin, and be accepted by him as truly glad tidings, can hardly admit of doubt.

In order to accommodate the condition of things to the acceptance of the new evangel, it may be necessary before another generation shall have passed away that the nature and results of sin shall be so modified, and the divine perfections so minimized, that despondency, because of the former, or despair at the thought of the necessity of attaining to the latter, shall be referred to as bygone experiences, which would never have been had if men had understood that their relation to God was merely that of wayward children, rather than that of rebellious subjects; which would of course change the entire situation.

Should such a change occur during the next fifty years, it would be no more surprising than that which has taken place during the last half of the century just closed.

E. C. W.

We thank thee, O Father, for days yet to be—
For hopes that our future will call us to thee;
That all our eternity may form through thy love
One Thanksgiving Day in the mansions above.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

Only a Dog.

Yet we loved her. And tonight she is dead. Dear little Fly! We sorrow with your owners. For the poison which has cruelly ended your life may come to our "two dogs," and then there will be sorrow indeed. Gentle little red setter! You bit no tramp. No Japanese orchardist need have feared you. Do we do a group of Japanese injustice in thinking they may be the murderers of the valuable dogs which disappear from among us? If we knew they robbed us thus it would be hard to love them. A surgeon in San Jose says he would like to be shut up in a box stall for a couple of hours with the man who poisoned his dog. Probably he would cause wounds he would not bind up. Men not given to violence would, I think, join in a flogging bee if the cruel person could be detected. We recall what John Brown of Haddington says of dogs: "The only sad thing about them is, they die." They suffer, too. And their pain makes those who love them suffer. Three men, five good women, and two children watched little Fly as she tried to rally by the medicine and the care fondly given her. Now she must be buried, and with her the hopes of the neighborhood that at Christmas time we might choose little red Rexes from her breed. Oh! murderous man, you are of the Czolgosz stripe, to disappoint so many expectations. The gentle creature who licked our hands and gambolled with delight on the lawn, and chased the birds, and stirred the rabbits, and enjoyed her innocent dog life, lies stiff in the shed. We did what we could for her, and now how glad we are we never spoke a cross word to her, or drove her from us, even when her lively paws marked the black coat. I'd rather have had the dead dog's love than the admiration of the man who murdered her. May God forgive him!

A Question.

What shall be done, what is the right thing to do, when a dangerous dog vexes a neighborhood, or a tormenting, worthless howler makes sleep impossible? Plainly, I think, and kindly tell the owner in person, and in aggravated cases send a committee. If there be no reformation, complain to the policeman or the justice. No family have a right to maintain a nuisance of any kind. As a last resort, I say let a trusty rifleman bring the brute to the dust, or in an extreme case let a quick-acting poison be administered to the public nuisance. Not in anger, but in righteous self-defence. How different this is from the careless and angry putting out of poison for a nuisance of a cur, which an innocent and valuable family pet may perish by. If my theory is wrong, let the pious editor rebuke me and I will accept his dogmatics meekly. But my heart is sore for my sore-hearted neighbors, and it's hard to be robbed so near Christmas time.

If it were only the accidental swallowing of poison put out for coyotes, the bells of the heart would ring more cheerfully.

A Lesson for the Boys.

Learn, laddies, to be helpful and be spry when your pets are poisoned. Go quickly for the bottle of oil, or melt some lard quickly. With strong gloves hold open the twitching mouth. Mustard and warm water may relieve the stomach. Warm milk may help. Rub the petted creature and keep him moving. It is part of education to learn to help a suffering animal. Now the filirea is growing, your petted Jersey may bloat.

She will die if not relieved. Force a wooden bit in her mouth, tie the lines to her horns, and her struggles will relieve her. If worst comes to worst and there's no cow doctor about, drive a small wire nail between her ribs, well back. It will not kill her. It is likely to save her. I spent a cold night with Doctor Hutchins on the shores of Lake Minnetonka, trying to save his favorite Jersey, but learned the way of relief too late for that case. I will not empty Chase's receipt book upon you. But I tell you, my boy, if you are kind to animals, and know how to train, and use, and help them, you will tie many hearts to yours in the course of life. As Christmas time comes you are finding that Paul and Henry Drummond together have not overstated the greatness of love. You may not be a Peter Bergh, a Geo. T. Angell, or Ernest Seton Thompson. If the horses, cows, and dogs of a neighborhood are more comfortable and happy because you have studied their need as part of the creation of God, you have learned one practical part of religion.

Tell Us, Brother Rader!

The papers say you have spoken in a meeting called to exclude Chinese. Then you have thought this great question through, or you heard there something which enlightened you. Tell us. We love you. We love our country. We try to love all men. We have no fad for Chinese. If we have any fad, it is for Californians and Minnesotans. As Yale loves to take in Roosevelt to academic honors, so Congregationalists do delight in such Methodists as you and Dr. Cadman. But are you teaching the Golden Rule when you speak against Chinamen coming to us? The Bible says, "The earth is the Lord's." Does it belong to imperial America and not to rising China? What right have you to go to China, or Richard Croker to go to England, or Jim Jeffries to go to Australia, which a decent Chinaman has not to come to this land of liberty? I do not ask in a factious spirit. I do not claim to have thought the Chinese problem through. I wish Gee Gam and Doctor Pond would write their frank thoughts on this subject for our Pacific. I am exceedingly jealous that Brother Rader be on the right side of every public question. I've seen the lusty Boxers and heard the cry, "Foreign Devil!" There's a voice would alarm me more—"Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, my brethren, ye did it not unto me."

Either Japan was wrong when Commodore Perry thundered at her portals, or we are in danger of enacting wrong now. May "the Light of the World" enlighten America!"

Chinese Exclusion.

[An address by the Rev. William Rader at the Anti-Chinese Convention in San Francisco, November 21st.]

It may appear to our fellow-citizens in the East that the people of California are violating their sacred faith in the brotherhood of man by resisting the immigration of the Chinese. Standing, as the nation has for so many years, for the brotherhood of man, inviting the alien races of the earth to seek shelter and refuge under our flag, it may be asked if we, in the West, are turning the hands back on the face of our national policy and repudiating the Burlingame treaty of 1868, confessing that we are not equal to the task of Christianizing the races of the world.

We are not opposing immigration because we do not like the Chinese. Indeed, many of us have become attached to this picturesque Oriental on our streets

and in our kitchens, who, like Tennyson's Maud, is "icily regular, splendidly null." It is not a question of religion. Our country is free to faith, provided faith be true to freedom and republican institutions. Neither is it a question of human rights. Immigration is not a right, but a privilege. The enjoyment of American liberty is not a right, but a privilege conditioned by the capacity to exercise such a prerogative. It is quite within the power of the State to regulate such national privileges. This has been the policy of European governments for hundreds of years. It is the prerogative and policy of the United States to be exercised, not only in accordance with international good will, but in defense of national well being, in protection of commerce, the workingman and national morality.

This, then, is a question of method as to how the industrial and social integrity of the Republic may be conserved and maintained. This great convention meets in the name of American patriotism, and not with one word of race prejudice. The issue is that of American civilization as against the venerable paganism of China, with the hope that the one may be protected that the other, in the progress of light and liberty, may ultimately be destroyed and become civilized.

Three main arguments have been used to support Chinese exclusion—the argument of industry, of political economy, and of morality. I have been asked to speak upon the last.

This is fundamental to the others. Morality is the corner-stone of American civilization and the moral reasons against unrestricted immigration must always be the chief argument against exclusion. We have too long been looking into the trunks of immigrants; the time has come for us to look under the hats of immigrants. We must note carefully the ideas, customs, vices, weaknesses, the anarchy and old world evils which sweep through our gates and vitiate American life. America is fighting the faiths, the degeneration and the sins of the world. Long before the guns of Dewey broke away the rusted hinges of the Oriental gates we were touching the whole world ethically. When the '49er came across the plains in his prairie schooner he found the Chinaman crouching on the sand dunes of the Pacific.

The effect of his life in California is part of our common history. That serious attempt has been made to grind the Chinese grist in the American mill is known to all, but we have signally failed to make American flour in any great quantities. Noble men and women have given their money and their lives to this end, and the recent atrocities in China, which thrilled the nations and brought the armies of the world to the rescue, are sufficient answer to the charge that we have failed to recognize our obligations to an inferior people. The morality of America is not prudish, which is to say, we are not afraid of contamination. We are not an ascetic people, with a narrow view of the world. We have not seated ourselves upon the summit of civilization, withdrawing selfishly from the world's work and with an air of superior virtue resisted the contaminating touch of aliens. No; we have gone forth with our flag and our faith and entered into life.

Through our gates have come the down-trodden, the Italian and Swede, the German and the Dane, and all nationalities. We have bled for the blacks. Here in San Francisco we are not by any means morally

perfect. We have troubles of our own. White vice is as evil as yellow vice, and it is because of this that we see danger in unlimited immigration. Humiliating as it may seem, Christian America is not equal to Pagan China. San Francisco is not equal to Chinese immorality. Is Boston or New York or Chicago equal to the task of assimilating Chinese populations with American standards? Says a Chinese proverb: "The light of heaven cannot shine into an inverted bowl." The Chinese in the United States are an inverted bowl. Henry Ward Beecher said: "When the lion eats the ox the ox becomes lion, not the lion ox." It has been well said in reply that if there be too much ox, or if he be poisoned, we have a dead lion as a result. China is the ox. America is the lion. As well might a mouse try to digest an elephant as America to digest China. There is too much China—a China of many centuries; of four hundred millions, of fixed traditions and vices. You cannot empty the Pacific into a cup. This is what advocates of unlimited immigration would try to do.

What are the facts? The present number of Chinese in the United States may, approximately, be put down at 100,000. Of these 18,000 are in San Francisco, 54,000 on the Pacific Coast outside of San Francisco, and 28,000 in other States and Territories. It is estimated that the whole number of Chinese possessing the Christian faith is about 1,600. It is claimed that more than 3,000 attend evening schools; that the number of missions and public schools equal 500, and that \$60,000 has been given by the Chinese for the building of chapels and for Christian work. I may venture the opinion, however, that in the face of these figures it is the opinion of Christian workers among the Chinese that the proper place to civilize the race is not here, but in their own country.

One of the striking testimonials of the history of the organized extension of civilization is that such work is accomplished not by the immigration of Pagans, but by the migration of Christians. In other words, the philanthropic motive cannot safely be used to support the argument of immigration. We should never for a moment use such a motive in our treatment of other races. After nearly forty years of freedom we are excluding the negroes from the Southern ballot box and writing fiery editorials because the President of the United States divides his loaf with a man with a black skin.

We have failed to Christianize the Chinese population of California. From a moral point of view the Chinaman has not been a success in the United States, which is to say, he has not assimilated with American institutions and ideals. He has planted orchards, built railroads, washed linen and prepared dinners for \$30 or \$40 a month, but he has signally failed to become a moral American force. His negative virtues have never become positive influences.

This is true, largely, because he is the immigrant without a home. He is a man without a fireside. Other immigrants have brought hither their wives and children, for whom they have sacrificed. The cabin and the school, and church and the library have followed, and some of the best blood in America flows in their veins. They have become pillars of the republic; but the Chinese are a homeless people. Consequently, they have imperilled their environment, and the influence of their lives has not been good. The Scotch have given us conscience, the Italian artistic taste, the Frenchman wit, the English piety, the Scandinavian

industry, but the Chinaman has made no permanent gift to American life. He has contributed nothing to the moral or social fibre of the republic. He has left no art, no science—not even his fortune or his bones. He has taken millions from our gold fields. He has not left anywhere a permanent dollar. No man is a moral force in the United States who takes away his money and his skull.

A few years ago the Board of Supervisors of this city made an investigation, when it was shown that 30,000 Chinese lived within a space composed of eight blocks; 57 women, 59 children living as families; 761 women, 576 children herded together with apparent indiscriminate parental relations, and no family classification as far as could be ascertained; 576 prostitutes, 87 children, professional prostitutes and children living together.

There were 103 houses of prostitution; 150 iron-clad, barred and barricaded gambling dens; 26 opium joints, existing in defiance of municipal laws and of police authorities. In habitations sufficient for 250 persons the committee found 823 actual sleeping occupants.

Chinatown furnishes the best arguments against Chinese immigration from the moral standpoint. Its odors and filth, its prostitution and slavery, its opium joints and gambling dens, its unsanitary conditions and atmosphere of secret sin—these convince the nostril; influence the eye and turn the stomach.

We have cleansed Havana with broom and spade and flame, but every large city in the country has an annex of Chinese degeneracy, which needs, doubtless, Bibles and schools, but, first of all, sanitation and cleanliness, which in the laws of health precede godliness itself. Chinatown, San Francisco, is a museum of Oriental vice kept open for the benefit of Eastern tourists—and other people. It is a city of slavery worse than the slave-pen in New Orleans which gave young Lincoln the inspiration to lift the thunderbolt of the Northern conscience. A second Harriet Beecher Stowe might write another "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and draw the picture of an Oriental Eliza, bound by fetters. There she stands, looking through the iron bars of Chinatown, with the flag above her, and years of heathenism behind her! Shame on China, and shame on America!

The opium habit has percolated through the social life of this city and this State. It promises to work untold destruction in the future. Scores of white women and men—yea, hundreds of them, it is said—indulge in the use of this deadly drug, with its dreams of unreal satisfaction. In China "opium shops are more numerous than rice shops." It is claimed that more die every year from its effects than are born. Put the blame where you please, the fact remains that the influx of Chinese millions means the coming of the yellow death.

Opium dens abound in San Francisco's Chinese quarter. They are at the end of rickety stairs, far away from the life of the street, where, upon bunks, men are curled up like withered leaves—lost in the fumes of the drug of the beautiful dream. Every lodging house, restaurant, and nearly every store, guild hall, and almost every home, has its opium couch. He likes his opium pipe more than his distilled rice. The importation of opium has reached as high as 120,000 pounds a year, to say nothing of the amount smuggled in.

Crime is bred in Chinatown. Highbinders execute their own laws of vengeance. Murders are frequently committed. In thirty years 1,645 Chinese felons have served time. During the last six months 1,140 arrests were made in Chinatown. It breeds murder, crime, licentiousness, slavery. Destroy it. Let the plow run through the filthy streets. Plant corn where vice grows. Let fountains splash where the opium fumes fill the air. Open it as a playground for the children, remove the standing menace to health and happiness, and the most powerful argument against unrestricted immigration.

Chinese immigration feeds the already active wickedness of our country through at least four well known vices. They are: Prostitution, gambling, opium smoking and murder.

In conclusion, what shall we do about it? We are here to memorialize Congress. Shall we ask for a closed door of Chinese exclusion, or for a modified restrictive measure?

We are united here in the West in believing some form of exclusion is imperative, and the people of California are not in the temper to take any chances. We cannot open the dam of Mongolian invasion.

We stand for American labor, which must be protected. We cannot offer up American labor on the altar of international commerce, which is not threatened seriously, in any event. Labor must be protected, and the moral life of the republic must be defended. Some form of exclusion is a national, a moral, an economic necessity.

We must recognize and acknowledge the friendly relations of the two countries, and make a recommendation in accordance with international treaty procedure, in terms neither humiliating to China nor injurious to America.

Since the Geary bill was passed our nation has taken a new position among the powers of the world. We have been fighting battles for humanity. Let us act in accordance with the spirit of these wars, and in harmony with the spirit which actuated them.

The world is watching us. Let us act with deliberation, not as partisans, but as broad-minded patriots.

The class of coolies which make up the rank and file of the California population, who come without wives or wealth, who interfere with American workmen on the one hand and affect public morals on the other, should have the door of the nation closed tight against them, and locked with a Geary key.

If there is any doubt as to the wording of a law with a qualification, let us give the present exclusion law the benefit of the doubt.

That the men of brains and culture in China, the statesmanship recognized by General Grant in Li Hung Chang, whom he considered one of the three greatest statesmen of the world, that the men who have adopted European or American ideas, and who are the moral leaders of their race, students, teachers, merchants—that these should be recognized and respected by our declaration to Congress and by the law Congress may enact, is, to say the least, consistent with the higher spirit of the American people, and just to the higher life of China.

Helpfulness is surest happiness.

Charity begins at home, but dies if it ends there.

A passion for other souls purifies our own soul.

Christ needs the world, and the world needs Christ

Barbarism or the Millennium—Which?—II.

H. L. C.

In my former article I endeavored to show the personality and dual moral character of this nation and the controlling influence of the baser elements of society increasingly apparent year by year. In this respect we thought there is to be seen a striking analogy in the downward career of the Prodigal Son, or any other prodigal whose evil nature dominates for the time being until he comes to the swine fields; that point reached he comes to himself and determines to give his better nature full control and the right of way, and return to his Father's house.

At his lowest estate we recognize that he was nearer home than ever before; another moment his whole character is changed and he becomes a new man. "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." What we accept as possible in the individual is equally possible and more than probable in respect of this nation in relation to present problems of society. The nature of this change and its far-reaching results are the subject of this paper.

The divine record teems with declarations respecting the cleansing of the land in this end of the age, by the destruction of the wicked and "the survival of the fittest." "For evil doers shall be cut off; but those that wait upon the Lord shall inherit the earth. * * * Wait on the Lord and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it" (Ps. xxxvii: 9, 34).

"I will ease me of mine adversaries and avenge me of mine enemies. And I will turn my hand upon thee (Israel) and purely purge away thy dross and take away all thy tin. And I will restore thy judges as at the first and thy counsellors as at the beginning; afterward, thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, the faithful city" (Isa. i: 25, 26. See also Ps. xci: 7, 8).

In Christ's parables (Matt. xiii:) respecting the beginnings of the kingdom this peculiarity is most striking. The sowing of the good Word of the kingdom brought forth Christian men and women. These, again, after centuries of winnowing and careful selection, became fit to be used as "children of the kingdom," to be planted at the end of the age (vs. 39) in a clean field for the new kingdom. "It would seem, says an early English historian, as if God had searched three kingdoms that he might plant the finest of his wheat in America."

"The tares are the children of the wicked one" planted afterwards by an enemy; "let both grow together until the harvest" (vs. 30). In the fourth parable of the leaven and meal this peculiarity of the dual character of the kingdom until the turning point is reached, comes out most strongly—a peculiarity that could not pertain to the tares, for they simply cumber the ground; but the leaven exactly represents the twofold moral character of society, good and bad together. The meal still represents in another form the good seed, the children of the kingdom, as Christ himself declares. By parity of reasoning the leaven must still represent the tares, "the children of the wicked one." Nowhere in Scripture does leaven represent anything else but the decaying and corrupting element in society or in the individual.

What good there is in the leaven capable of making the meal fit for use is absorbed by it, just as at this present time the better element of society is seeking by every means in its power to draw from the world to its own side. God is sending forth his servants, children of the kingdom, as never before into the streets and lanes of the city and compelling them to come in.

But now, mark you, when this work of absorption and assimilation is done and all "who will to do his will" have come in, it must be subjected to the action of fire or the whole "lump" is destroyed and useless by the corrupting element of the leaven. But this action of fire destroys the evil element and *leaves the good*, fit for use. Behold, the day cometh, says Malachi, that shall burn *as an oven*; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch" (iv: 1).

Whatever, therefore, shall purify society and rid it of the evil element that "will not have this man to rule over them"—matter of choice, be it observed—answers to fire as a symbol, which will certainly be put in operation for cleansing the kingdom of its foul and corrupting element. They have sown to the flesh; they shall of the flesh reap corruption (Gal. vi: 8). The tares have headed out and have been gathering themselves for these thirty years and more into organizations or "bundles" to be burned." So shall it be in the end of the age; the Son of man shall send forth his angels and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend and them that do iniquity." We may be sure, then, that the selection will be unerring and the destruction complete.

The separation of the product of the net will be equally certain; the good will be preserved and the bad will be cast aside as unfit for use; survival of the fittest will be the order. There is no escape from the import and results of these three parables. Inexorable, relentless law will take its course on all who have deliberately resisted the light of history and the counsels of Jehovah. Day by day, week by week, year by year, the "angel of death" will pass through the land until all such are destroyed. "Then shall two be in the field; one shall be taken and the other left. Two shall be grinding at the mill, one shall be taken and the other left" (Matt. xiv: 40). "The consumption decreed shall overflow with righteousness" (Isa. x: 22).

The mercy as well as the justice of it all lies in this: Every man by his moral choice will be the arbiter of his own fate, whether he shall be reckoned with the children of the kingdom and be preserved, or be classed by the angels with the base and corrupting element of the leaven, to be expurged as useless material. The value of nations, as of men, lies in their possibilities of development towards the Creator's ideal. When that ideal is deliberately cast aside for self and selfish desires, both men and nations become useless material, not worth preserving. "The nation and the kingdom that will not serve thee (Jehovah) shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted" (Isa. lx: 12).

The beginning of the kingdom in the individual is when, by a definite act of the will, one submits himself to the rule of God's law; it is the beginning of Christ's reign in the soul, the entrance of one's life into the millennial glory. "He is henceforth dead to sin"—or ought to be—"and alive to righteousness." It will be equally true of this nation when, by an open expression of its will, as at Sinai, the law of God is taken as the rule of national life in all questions of morals. Christ stands pledged to take the throne thus freely offered to him (Ps. cx: 3).

The first edict of this reign will be, not amnesty, for the corrupt elements have decided that they do not want Christ or his law, but "Bring hither those, mine enemies, that would not that I should reign over them and slay them before my face" (Lu. xix: 27). Thus the children of the kingdom are redeemed from bondage and the cor-

rupting presence of the wicked, to serve the "Lord, Jehovah and his Christ" in newness of life to the end of time.

By this act we will return to our ancient theocratic form of government adopted at Sinai when we were born a nation.

Sparks from the Anvil.

By Dr. Johns D. Parker.

The experienced sailor wisely shifts his sails in such a way that every wind, from whatsoever way it may blow, aids to drive him on his course. So with the spiritual Christian. He lives so every experience, even his temptations, further him on his way towards heaven. It requires skill for a sailor to make a cross-wind bear him on his course, and it requires spiritual wisdom for a Christian to make a temptation a means of grace.

* * *

Christ says: "In my father's house are many mansions." When we leave this world and launch out upon the great beyond, shall we get through the surf and make a landing? When we make a landing, what of that unknown country? In reply to such queries of thoughtful souls, Christ says, "In my Father's house are many mansions." The term "mansions" comes from a word meaning to remain. It stands for a place where we find an abode. A mansion signifies protection. If there are hostile forces or evil spirits in the unknown world, they cannot harin us in the divine mansion. A mansion signifies that our wants will be supplied. God has all things at his command, and Christ says we shall not want any good thing. A true mansion means a home, and that implies companionship. On earth we never find a town with one perfect man in it. In heaven all will be perfect. There the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Is not such a blessed condition worth striving after a few brief years?

* * *

Some people think that it is better not to study the Bible very much, for God will reveal all essentials of salvation to men without any effort on their part. Some scorn any effort on the part of man to read the Bible in its original languages, and some Christians never dream that the English Bible is not the original inspired Word of God. They think that human knowledge comes supernaturally. Now God does reveal himself to his children "as he does not to the world," but this supernatural revelation does supersede, or take the place of the study of God's Word, and his providences. Christ tells us to "search the Scriptures," and the word is a strong one. It means to examine, investigate, scrutinize. It may be true that a great many men blunder into perdition, but the writer never heard of a man who blundered into Paradise. Christ says we must strive to enter into the strait gate. The word translated "strive" is used in regard to those who take part in public games, and put forth every effort to win the prize. The term "strait" here means narrow, pent-up, difficult. This striving evidently involves the intellectual and spiritual man. We must wrestle with all our powers to know and do the will of God. The best fruit on the tree of life grows on the upper branches. Solomon says, "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding."

* * *

The writer once had a remarkable experience. Lying down after a fainting fit, while half-awake and half-asleep, he seemed in an instant to be in Paradise. In re-

gard to exquisite beauty, novelty and perfection, the scene was overwhelming. No sun appeared in the heavens, but there was a flood of light; everything was luminous. The light did not dazzle, but was soft, and there was such a superabundance of light that the writer thought of the words of Paul who says that "God dwells in the light which no man can approach unto." The air seemed to be fairly tremulous with music, whose origin was unknown to him. He thought there must be invisible choirs. The strains of music were sweeter, more melodious and more powerful than any music he had ever heard on earth. The songs were new, and seemed to be full of love, and praises of some one who had washed the heavenly throng in his own blood. The air seemed to be full of perfume, such sweetness as is sometimes wafted from some tropical isle at sea. The writer seemed to be in a garden, and there was a beauty and luxuriance in the trees and fruits and flowers never seen in tropical lands. He did not see any one, but some Spirit seemed to come near to him and spoke words to him. He cannot remember the words spoken, but they contained an incentive urging him to do all he could for the Master, for if he did his Christian duty there was a crown for him. When all these things, and many others of which he has only an indistinct recollection, transpired, the writer felt like Peter on the Mount of Transfiguration. He thought that "it was good to be here," and he wanted to build tabernacles so it could be enjoyed forever. But after a little the apparent vision faded out, and he found himself still on earth, amidst its temptations and struggles. The writer does not think he is good enough to be in such a lovely place, or to have a real vision. He believes the apparent vision arose from his peculiar physical condition, but the experience has exerted a powerful influence over him. If Paradise has such scenes, it is worth all our striving to go there, and Paul says: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

Legal Notice.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.—In the Matter of the Application of Park Congregational Church of San Francisco, for Permission to Sell Real Estate.—No. 78,590.

The Park Congregational Church of San Francisco, a religious corporation, having filed in this Court a petition for permission to sell a certain piece of real property, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point on the Southerly line of Hayes Street, distant thereon 181 feet and 3 inches Easterly from the Easterly line of Central Avenue (formerly Lott Street); thence running Easterly, along said Southerly line of Hayes Street, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Southerly, one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches; thence at right angles Westerly seventy-five (75) feet; and thence at right angles Northerly one hundred and thirty-seven (137) feet and six (6) inches to the Southerly line of Hayes Street, and point of commencement; and being a part of Western Addition, Block No. 607.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that said petition be heard in Department Number One of this Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the third day of December, 1901, at ten o'clock a. m. of said day; and that a copy of this order be published for two consecutive weeks in *The Pacific*, a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated, November 19, 1901.

F. H. DUNNE, Presiding Judge.

Endorsed: Filed November 19, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.

By E. M. THOMPSON, Dep. Clerk.

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

The Making of a Nation. (Ex. xi: 1-10.)

Lesson X. December 8, 1901.

IV. The Battle Royal.

From his long exile, Moses came back to Egypt under a distinct and definite commission. God had appointed him to be the leader of "Israel, his son, his first born" (iv: 22; cf. Num. iii: 13; Ps. lxxxix: 27; Col. i: 15, 18), their deliverer from Egyptian bondage (iii: 15-22). With what emotions he must have retraced the way, once so familiar, and marked the changes which forty years had wrought!

Conditions Confronting the Deliverer.

Some hints of the state of things which everywhere met his gaze may, perhaps, be gained by bringing together the worst features of Turkish oppression, of Spanish misrule, and of American slavery. Side by side he would behold the extremes of selfish luxury and of grinding poverty; the cries of the wretched bondmen, driven to their joyless tasks by cruel taskmasters, mingling with bacchanalian revelry; magnificent cities and temples, fringed by the hovels of slaves.

He remembered how religious ceremonies and homage to innumerable gods had characterized Egyptian society forty years before, and that, in these respects, the period of his absence had effected no material change. Their pantheon was as large, the common people as grossly polytheistic, the educated classes as bewildered by pantheistic speculation, while a few elect souls feebly struggled toward the conception of One Supreme Intelligence manifesting himself through varied activities. To this imperfect monotheism Moses had brought back a purer faith in the self-existent eternal God, and in Jehovah as the sacred name of Israel's Champion King (iv: 14, 15).

His own people he found to be such as their surroundings and experience would naturally make them; used to hardship and skilled to work; clinging to some cherished traditions and maintaining to some extent their tribal connection and government; bound together also, by the tie of common suffering and a common hatred of their oppressors; but, for the rest, characteristically slavish in their dispositions, and in their religion not essentially different from their Egyptian masters.

First Steps.

Once on the ground, the brothers lost no time. They called together the leading men among the Hebrews, declared the mission entrusted to them, and appealed for co-operation. It was like a burst of sunshine through angry clouds. With exultant hearts the people believed the words of Aaron, accepted the leadership of Moses, "bowed their heads and worshiped"—though little realizing all that was involved in their act.

From this conference the brothers proceeded to Pharaoh's palace, delivering there the message, "Thus saith Jehovah, the God of Israel, Let my people go, that they may hold a feast unto me in the wilderness." The result was not reassuring. In curt, insulting speech Menephtah scoffed at Jehovah, and spurned the appeal. When, moreover, with self-respecting courtesy, the demand was repeated, as a request for a three days' respite for the toiling bondmen, the wrathful king drove the ambassadors from his presence, and gave orders for heavier burdens to be imposed upon their constituents (v: 5 ff.).

It was a foolish action on Pharaoh's part. He missed a great opportunity. A wiser man would have conciliated the Israelites instead of still further exasperating

them. Those three days of religious festival and conference might have resulted in better relations toward the Egyptians, and a way of securing the exodus of the Israelites, without the awful calamities which, in fact, preceded and attended it. But is there not here a lesson as timely for the twentieth century after, as for the fifteenth century before, the world's new year? Is not this spirit of conciliation the condition essential for ending the disastrous rivalries and antagonisms and misunderstandings everywhere prevalent, and establishing in their place harmony and co-operation and universal prosperity?

On the side of the Hebrews the immediate result was not more reassuring. Appalled at the unexpected obstacles to the realization of their hopes (v: 20, 21), they discredit Jehovah's promise and turn savagely upon Moses and Aaron, as if they were chargeable with this aggravation of their lot. Very childish and contemptible their action seems, but is it not also a very natural and common occurrence? Need we go beyond our own recent war and territorial expansion for illustration? Are not the lives of our public men made wretched by just such uncharitable and unfair imputations? Does not every reformatory movement, and, indeed, almost every religious experience, flash light upon the state of mind of these Hebrews?

The Leader Disheartened and Cheered.

Upon Moses the effect of these unjust and cruel aspersions was heart-breaking. It brought back his former disastrous failure as a champion of the distressed bondmen (ii: 13, 14). For the time he loses all heart. He casts himself before God in prayer, and pours out his grief in impassioned words, which would be audacious, but for the real reverence behind them (v: 22, 23). And Jehovah understands him, as he did Jeremiah, in circumstances somewhat similar (Jer. xx: 7 ff.), and as he did the Sufferer on Calvary (Matt. xxvii: 46). The whole course of revelation, ancient and modern, is full of such holy expostulations. It is a kind of confidence in which our Father delights. It is a part of our heritage as the "sons of God." And God's strong consolation to Moses (vi: 1 ff.) is full of encouragement to every tempest-tossed soul battling for faith. Such times of heart-sinking before overhanging responsibilities, or anticipated sufferings, have been the lot of leaders (e. g., Columbus, Lincoln), reformers (Luther), and martyrs (Joan of Arc), in every age of the world.

But it is noticeable here, as in so many other cases, that the weakness and trembling was within the secret place of the Most High; not before Pharaoh or the people. When Moses went out from the presence of Jehovah, it was under a renewed commission (vi: 6, 7; vii: 1, 2), fired with fresh convictions (vi: 2-5), and animated with a courage which showed no sign of faltering. To the people and to Pharaoh alike he presented a calm such as became an ambassador of Jehovah; and, in a superlative degree, that power which men of conviction exert over their fellows. Ah, there is nothing like this sense of oneness with God in the purpose of life, to hold the soul in unshaken quietude, and to make men as "gods" to those of feeble faith.

The Battle Joined.

It was a contest to determine the future of the children of Israel; whether they should go forth to possess the land promised to their fathers, or should be retained in Egypt, as Pharaoh's bondmen. This was the prize of victory. It need not have been a battle. It might have been an agreement. It became a battle only by Pharaoh's choice. It began with demonstrations, sufficient to have convinced and persuaded the king, had his heart been right; it took on the form of conflict, only

because a perversely proud and selfish will stood out against righteousness and might.

The key to the situation was a conviction of the supremacy of Jehovah, the Father of the Hebrew people (iv: 22, 23). It was a question of power, resting upon rightful control. That august sentence, "Israel is my people; let my people go," runs as a refrain through all the story of the months which followed. The matter decided at Zoan was not, strictly, the truth of monotheism vs. polytheism, in our modern understanding of the terms. Indirectly, indeed, this point was involved. But even the Israelites were not monotheists at that time, nor for many years afterwards. The high and pure monotheism of the prophets was reached only through centuries of religious training. The point decided by that struggle was this; as between Jehovah and the objects of Egyptian trust, where lay the power? It was of vast importance that the question should be definitely settled—important for the Hebrews, as preparing them to yield, with docility, to Jehovah's practical guidance, and to receive his further teachings (x: 2); important to the Egyptians, too, that they might, the more readily, submit to the inevitable, and recognize their bondmen as Jehovah's free-men (iii: 20-22).

That, so far as we can see, was the only issue distinctly made. And it exhibits the characteristic "kindness and love of God, our Savior," that he was willing to accept this tribute from minds whose light reached no farther than this; "and patiently to carry on their education, through successively higher revelations of truth and grace. In this respect he imposed no higher form of devotion upon the Egyptians than upon the Israelites (ix: 20). Whosoever, in this crude way, called on the name of the Lord was saved. It is thus that he is ever wont to deal with unenlightened souls! Blessed be his name!

The Weapons of Warfare.

In their outward visible form, these were "signs" and "wonders"; or in our modern phrase "miracles"; terms which simply point to the impressions made upon beholders. Manifestations they were of a superhuman might, fitted to arrest the attention, and prepare minds soberly and reverently to consider the accompanying message.

In their interior and more vital expression, they were the indications of personal will, of a directing, controlling hand laid upon the springs of life and energy. They are not interruptions to the order of nature. They do not involve the negation of law. They are the emphatic assertion of law. They are in conflict only with that crude materialistic science, which would identify law with blind impersonal force, and limit its operations to those common phenomena which respond to physical tests. The law under which "signs" and "wonders" are comprehended is the higher law of a personal intelligent will, working toward the fulfillment of a purpose. Its operation is precisely analogous, though of infinitely higher range, to those modifications of "natural law" which our human wills effect every day.

The harmony of all appears, just in so far as faith seats a Heavenly Father on the throne of the Universe. Then miracles become an essential feature in any perfect order of nature. For it would be in the highest degree unnatural and monstrous to deny to the Creator a freedom enjoyed by the creature; much more for the Heavenly Father to be imprisoned by unintelligent forces, through which he cannot break, to minister to the needs of his beloved children. So that, while it is doubtless

true that the possibility of miracles is a burning question in the theological thought of the day, it becomes so only in proportion as confusion seems to enshroud the true divine Fatherhood. Grant this and miracles are no longer a question; they are an axiom.

So we interpret the wonders wrought in the field of Zoan. Sometimes they were phenomena essentially beyond any human power to effect, sometimes (e. g., viii: 8-13) the miracle may have been in so timing the event that it should become a sign of Jehovah's controlling hand upon the springs of nature. And in this connection it is noteworthy how, in these recorded wonders, Jehovah struck directly across every object of Egyptian religious trust, from the great sun god, Ra, down; for, with them every operation of nature was associated with divinity. And thus, in all these wonders there was a tribute borne to the unshared and limitless might of the great God whose mandate they enforced.

It was all impressively illustrated, in that dire calamity, the prediction of which forms the special theme of study today. From the son who shared with his father the Egyptian throne, himself esteemed a demi-god, down through every house and humblest cot in Egypt, at a certain prescribed hour, so God's ambassador declared, every first-born child should lie in the agonies of death. "But against any of the children of Israel," it was also said, "shall not a dog move his tongue against man or beast"—and this, for the express purpose of distinguishing between the Egyptians and Israel" (xi: 4-7). The result also was definitely predicted (xi: 8). And it all turned out exactly as foretold (xi: 29-36)!

So the God of Israel revealed his personal power, and won his battle against the false gods of Egypt. But a sweeter truth is that which his signs and wonders, wrought through the Incarnate Son, declare to us; even this, that the Omnipotence is itself held subject to grace, and the God of Israel is also the Savior of the world. Not only power belongeth unto God. Also unto thee, O Lord, belongeth loving kindness.

The Hardening of Pharaoh's Heart.

It came about in this way apparently: (1) Moses came to him as the representative of Jehovah, claimed the Hebrew people as his children, and declared his purpose of taking them out from under the iron rule of Pharaoh. In confirmation of his authority, Moses also proffered to the monarch certain impressive signs (vii: 8-14).

(2) Pharaoh who, as all records show, was a weak, passionate, willful man, instead of obeying the summons, or even candidly examining the evidences, "stiffened" himself against them. He braced himself up, summoned all his pride, and made his heart "heavy," or insensible to every appeal. In all this he appears in striking contrast to Moses, who, under similar conditions, acknowledged Jehovah's authority and loyally submitted his will to God's will.

(3) Under these conditions Jehovah let the forces within and about Pharaoh take their natural course, under his providential government, without those restraining and uplifting influences by which he might otherwise have aided him, and secured his deliverance. He did this deliberately, and in precisely the same way in which, St. Paul says, he has been wont to deal with those who refuse to have him in their knowledge (Rom. i: 28 ff). In like manner and by similar ways, we are told, he sends to some a working of error that they should follow a lie" (II Thess. ii: 11, 12). In other words, he dealt with Pharaoh on the same general principle which history and observation show to be everywhere and always at

work in the world. He deals with man on the ground of his manhood, meeting him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness (Is. lvi: 5) with co-operating grace, but letting alone those who are persistently joined to their idols (Hosea iv: 17).

(4) But why, then, if Pharaoh's case is thus identical with so many others, is so much made of it, in this narrative, and in the Scriptures? For the same reason that Sodom and Gomorrah are set forth as examples of the terrible evil and effects of sin. For the same reason that the personal history of so many others, and indeed of the whole Jewish nation, is preserved for us, that we may learn how fearful it is to indulge in an uncandid temper, or to set ourselves persistently against the restraints of God's providence.

The Spoiling of the Egyptians.

There was not, in the departure of the Israelites, any deception. Pharaoh knew perfectly well that they were going away not to return. Indeed, it seems to me quite probable that the course actually adopted was decided on only as the result of the conflict. Had Pharaoh yielded to their appeal for a rest, the whole course of history might have been changed.

Neither did the Israelites "borrow" the jewelry with which they loaded themselves. Only too gladly did the Egyptian women meet their requests, if only they would go. But, deeper than this is the question of the justification of their course, as a matter of divine providence.

And this justification we find in that sovereignty, by which the silver and the gold and whatever else the earth may yield belong unto God; in the fact that what the Israelites took was but a moiety of the wealth of which they had themselves been robbed during the long years of Egyptian oppression; and also as an illustration of God's championship of the wronged and the oppressed everywhere and always. He gave them these things as he gave them Canaan.

Our own country has had lessons on this subject. God grant that we need no more! But I tremble when I think of some passages in our history as a nation and a State. God grant us, individually, and as a people, grace to deal justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with one God! God grant that in our dealings with each other, in business and in social life, with the stranger within our gates, and with dependent peoples, we may learn the lesson that whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

The Right Use of Ability. (Matt. v: 13-16.)

Topic for December 8, 1901.

Among the most valuable gifts we have are our abilities. Who would not much prefer to have the power of thought than the possession of gold? A rich idiot is not to be envied; the man with no gold may be the highest type of strong, happy manhood. There is no price large enough to measure the value of the ability to fix our ideals and to compel the forces about us to aid in their attainment. The scholar or the mechanic, the artisan or the artist, has not thought himself through who has not recognized and appreciated the gift of his ability, found the Giver and suitably expressed his gratitude. The man who has not yet discovered the eighth psalm as the very breath of his own soul has not gone very far in honest reflection.

Among our abilities not one can compare with the ability to enter and to live as members of the kingdom of God. "As many as received him, to them gave he the right to become the children of God." Whether men know it or not, whether they appreciate it or not, Jesus Christ has made it possible for any one to become the child of God with all the experience and prospect which that includes. There are people who are constantly saying: "I wish I could believe as you do"; or "I would like to be a Christian"; or "I cannot feel any interest in the subject." Yet every one of these has the ability to become members of the kingdom of God and forevermore feel its power and enjoy its privileges. It is altogether a question of the use they make of their ability in this matter. If any one find himself outside that kingdom ultimately, it will be because he has not used his ability as carefully as he has his abilities which relate to affairs of this material world.

* * *

Once a Christian, our abilities take on a very different character. If converted at all, we are converted all the way around our being. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new." Conversion which does not affect our abilities has not gone deep enough to be of much value. The man who makes a shoe, sells sugar, writes a book or pleads a case at law in the same way after conversion as before, needs reconstruction still. When God works men over he does not leave them in that condition. In the first creation the record says that "God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." It is not at all likely that in this second creation, as Paul calls it, he would look at the "new creature" and be obliged to say: "Behold, he is very poor and quite likely not to hold out very long."

* * *

So this is the way in which we become the light of the world. The church building ought not to be the first or chief place to be thought of when men become Christians. Some of the largest churches and grandest cathedrals and most numerous religious observances are to be found in countries where the densest darkness remains. That is no fault of Christianity. It is because men have not used their abilities rightly. Their conversion or religious impulses have not gone to that extent. The light must go out to the world from the bench, the desk, the field, the kitchen and the boudoir. If you haven't any light for the world there, you cannot have in the pew or the pulpit or the penitent form. Whose will and whose work are in your mind chiefly when you are driving that peg, measuring that silk, buying that stock, planting that field, cooking that food or educating that child?

* * *

Men do not light a lamp and start out into the daylight with it. They go into the darkness. Sometimes thick and temporary darkness falls upon us in particular localities or among a certain portion of the people, as the fog recently came down into London so sudden and so dense as to stop all traffic, confuse pedestrians and make it impossible for those accustomed to the city to find their way to their homes. There are times in our churches and among Christian people at large when a strange spiritual darkness seems to fall, and men grope about for the once familiar paths of truth. It is then, if ever, that all of our abilities, mental and spiritual, ought to be specially devoted to lighting the way. If we have any light of faith and devotion and sacrifice, these are the times when we are under the highest obligation to let it shine.

This is not so much burden and responsibility as it is privilege and favor. If a young man has a mind longing for knowledge and development, it is a blessing if there is a college to which he can go and toil, and feel the accretion of enlargement and added power. Likewise, it is a blessing untold that there is a church and a kingdom into which we may go and use every ability God has given us that it may be a better church and a more glorious kingdom. How useless and silly the electric light appears at midday when the sun is at its best! How grateful we are for the cottage lamp when darkness settles over us! What more blessed among our Lord's sayings than that, "Ye are the light of the world!" Christian Endeavor, can you find anything better for an ambition than to be a light to every soul that passes your way in sorrow and distress and perplexity and sin?

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

President.....	Mrs. A. P. Peck.
	819 Fifteenth street, Oakland.
Treasurer.....	Mrs. S. M. Dodge.
	1275 Sixth avenue, Oakland.
Home Secretary.....	Mrs. W. J. Wilcox.
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	2511 Benvenue avenue, Berkeley.
Superintendent Young People's Work.....	Miss Alice M. Flint
	60 Santa Clara avenue, Oakland.

December Meeting.

The December meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held in the First Congregational church, Oakland, on December 4th; sessions at eleven and half-past one; lunch will be served as usual. The printed reports of last year's work will be ready for distribution, and the new fields for the work of the coming year will be explained.

December is a busy month, but yet it is hoped a good many ladies will come to hear an interesting program, and to enjoy the social noon hour.

Those who are in societies full of missionary enthusiasm, come and impart; those who feel a lack of such enthusiasm, come and receive; let us all meet and get ready for a year of earnest, whole-hearted work, remembering our motto for the year, "The joy of the Lord is your strength."

Mrs. A. P. Peck.

From Africa.

[Extracts from Mrs. Dorward's letter from Adams, Natal, South Africa.]

As I sit on my veranda I can see three things which give me pain. The first is the old carpenter-shop. It is fast going to ruin. Inside are tools, work-benches and various other things which speak of the time, not so long ago, when there was a very different state of things here. This is the place where the Jubilee boys for many years received training in the art of carpentry. Every afternoon one might see a number of boys march down from the hall, take off their coats and hats, hang them up outside and go in and spend several hours in making little tables, boxes, stools, window-frames and other things. They enjoyed it very much. And why is everything silent now? The cry—the same old cry which you have probably heard so often—no money to give a man who will give his time to this work. Yes, but there is a sadder thing than that which comes to mind as I write. For the lack of funds, the school itself must be closed next

term, unless a favorable answer is received from the American Board before that time comes. A certain grant was asked for—just enough to carry the school through the year; only half was granted. Unless the Board can see the way to give the full amount, Jubilee Hall will be as silent as this poor, old shop down here; and a work which means much to our mission, teachers, preachers, evangelists and leaders, must be closed.

Just close to the shop is a little church. To look at it you would think—well, here is something encouraging. Its walls are freshly white-washed, inside and out—new seats and plenty of them, show that some one has been at work. But let me give you the words of one of its members, who has just left me: "We are in great danger. There is no unity amongst us. The missionaries must pray for us." And he shakes his head most mournfully. It is all true. They want a certain man as their pastor, but they are not united enough to build him a house and pay his salary. Do pray for this church at Amanzimtoti.

A little farther down and we can see the "Ireland Home." Let us walk down and around it. What a desolate-looking place! Grass up to one's shoulders where it used to be cut close. Paths full of weeds, instead of being cleanly swept as in days gone by; verandas dark and dirty, instead of being whitened with ashes; hedges all overgrown. Shall we go in? In the girls' dining-room we find some of Mr. Bunker's furniture stored. The sewing-room has been turned into a printing-office. It takes a good deal of courage for me to go through these rooms. In one I find dishes stored; in another, blankets and dresses; in still another, tables and benches. Will they remain idle long? Hope whispers, "No." Even if this house must be abandoned on account of the dampness, there must be a place found for the "Ireland Home." And when it is reopened, perhaps at Esidiunbini, let me say to you, that it will be because you and other home friends have put heart into us by your gifts, encouraging words and prayers. Oh! it will need such practical encouragement more and more as we go along. New buildings must be put up wherever the "Home" is. More teachers are needed in all our schools. I hope Africa will not be forgotten as the needs of China and other fields come pressing upon you from every side.

I do not want to paint the picture too dark. While there is a great deal more that might be said that would help you to see that the powers of darkness are at work here, let me give you, in a few words, a glimpse of another Power also at work. There are in Jubilee Hall this term more "pay boys" and "half-pay" boys than ever before. Five or ten dollars for a term of sixteen weeks for one boy may not seem much to the home friends, but it is very encouraging to us here. We long for the time when they can all pay their way; and our experience this term points in the right direction and is a sign of progress. The boys are learning to set out fruit trees; and the grounds about Jubilee Hall show that much thought and labor have been spent on the place.

In regard to the church, the women's meeting is better attended each week. This is an early morning meeting, beginning at 7:30. Last week we had a very helpful talk on the resurrection. It was good to be there.

As for the "Ireland Home," as I said, there is reason to hope that in the near future the school will be again doing its soul-saving work somewhere, if not right here at Adams. Inanda Seminary for girls is full to overflowing. The death of one of the girls at the beginning of this term nearly caused a panic, but the last report was that everything was going on "beautifully." "Umzumbi Home" gives the same encouraging report. "Full, but

could take a few more if it were necessary" was the word which came last week.

The Theological Seminary is crippled somewhat on account of Mr. Kilbon's continued weakness and inability to teach, but Mr. Dorward holds on bravely. The men are so interested and their wives come very regularly to the morning class; and those who can, to the afternoon. All have children and some of them are too young to be left at home long at a time. I have taken upon myself the purchasing of dress goods for the wives. They cannot go to town to purchase for themselves; and the prints, etc., at the little store here are not of the best quality. They like denim very well, for it lasts so well. It is not easy for them to sew, so that means a great deal to them.

A few girls on the station own sewing-machines, and they are beset on every hand by the people for help in their sewing. The women have to work so many hours in their gardens that they really have little time for hand-sewing, and yet their children must be clothed. They send them to school quite clean, and it is but seldom that one is seen with a ragged dress or shirt. But I cannot say this for them at their homes. I fear they are more often untidy than otherwise. Still, this is not the case in all homes; I am glad to say. Especially is it not so amongst the younger people. Their training in the schools is seen everywhere—in their children and in their homes. But how quickly they grow old! It is at the season of the year when they must be both housewives and gardeners that tell on them and make them grow old before their time. A girl may be fine-looking when married, but in a few years she has lost all trace of it. It would be sadder if this life were of the first importance. As it is not, when I shake hands with my homely old women as we come out of Tuesday meeting, I care not whether they are ugly or fair, if I can only know that the heart is beautiful within and the life pure. * * *

Obituary.

Mrs. Emily Morse Seymour.

Died, November 13, 1901, at Washington, D. C., Emily Morse Seymour, wife of Rev. Bela N. Seymour.

After graduating at Mt. Holyoke, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour set out for the Marquesas Islands, in 1855, but were directed into the pioneer work in California for seventeen years.

Her impaired health compelled a return East in 1872, where pastorates in New England were followed, in 1887, by a call to the now Fifth church of Washington. Six years in the pastorate and subsequent busy years have been spent in their own home.

Of the four children, the eldest died in infancy; Mary lies by her mother in Vernon, Conn.; Dr. Alfred M. is in Philadelphia; and Rev. Edward P. is in Wendell, Mass. Mr. Seymour will keep the home in Washington.

A. M. A. Slides Free.

Rev. W. H. G. Temple, 1307 Seneca street, Seattle, Washington, has kindly consented to be the custodian of two sets of A. M. A. slides to serve the States of Washington and Oregon, as pastors may call for them. These two sets, with fifty slides and a descriptive list for each, are, one upon "The Negro" and the other upon "The Mountain Whites."

Rev. J. H. Williams of Redlands, California, kindly accepts the charge of two other sets for California, one on the "Chinese" and one on the "Indians and Our New Possessions."

The four sets are to be without charge, on condition of paying expressage and taking a collection for the American Missionary Association.

JOSEPH E. ROY.

Church News.

Northern California.

Lincoln.—Nov. 17th was a good day for the Lincoln church. Four adults were received into the church membership: one by letter, a young wife whose husband was also received by confession and baptism; a young lady by confession and baptism; a young man by confession. The Spirit of the Lord was plainly manifest in all the services of the day. Two offerings were taken, one in the Sunday-school for State and county work, \$5; and one for Home Missions, in the congregation, \$15, making in all for Home Missions, since April 1st, \$30. All branches of the church work are increasing in interest and spirituality. A large young people's Bible class in Sunday-school, with the pastor's wife as teacher, is adding much to the character and spirit of the school. The Endeavor Societies, both Juniors and Seniors, are having a new life and power. The attendance at the prayer-meeting is largely increasing, and a genuine spirit of revival is manifest in conversions. To God be all the glory.

Berkeley, First.—A recent event in this church should have been reported earlier in The Pacific. The annual church dinner brought together, around the twenty-two tables, over two hundred and fifty members of the church and congregation. About thirty young ladies and gentlemen, mostly from the Christian Endeavor Society, waited upon the tables. It being a continuation of the annual meeting, Dr. Addison, chairman of the Board of Trustees, presided, reporting for the trustees. The financial report was very encouraging. The report of the clerk showed that the additions for the year were thirty-three, of whom ten were received on confession of faith. Reports from the Sunday-school, the Christian Endeavor Societies, the Music Committee and the Ladies' Societies, were followed by brief addresses on subjects including "Church Loyalty," "Church Finances," "Strangers." The report of the pastor, crisp, earnest and tender, completed the speaking. Music and prayer were not omitted. To those who were present it was a great occasion. The dinner was such as the ladies of the church know so well how to provide. The delegates to the recent meeting of the General Association, who were at the dinner in this church after the visit to the Theological Seminary, will recall how large and attractive the church parlors are, contributing not a little to the success of church dinners. This particular dinner, and the fellowship of the hour, kindled anew the loyalty of the congregation, brought pastor and people into close touch with one another, and its influence will be felt throughout the year. The church that doesn't have annually a church dinner misses a good time and slights a means of grace. The thing now on hand is a dinner at Christmas time for members of the Sunday-school.

Southern California.

Ventura.—The work on the new parsonage is so far advanced that Pastor Queen expects to occupy it about the middle of December.

Villa Park.—Rev. Francis Lawson, who has been supplying the pulpit for several weeks, has accepted a call to the pastorate. He moves here from Covina at once.

Los Angeles, Plymouth.—Mr. H. O. Haines, one of the original members of this church and for several years its treasurer, also its chorister, was called to his final rest last week.

Los Angeles, Olivet.—Evangelistic meetings are being held in this church, in which Pastor Lamb is assisted by K. A. Burnell, a well-known Eastern evangelist. Mr. Burnell is said to have come to make his home in Southern California.

San Miguel.—Although removals have left only a few members, these are faithful to the services, and the finances are kept up as usual. A collection was taken last Sabbath for the Church Building Society, which will be increased to \$5, the amount raised last year.

Los Angeles, Pico Heights.—Fifteen persons were welcomed into fellowship Nov. the 17th, thirteen on confession of faith. Rev. J. B. Orr began special meetings the 24th. His sermons are interesting and helpful. Large congregations greeted him both morning and evening. He will be with us two weeks.

Los Angeles, Brooklyn Heights.—A movement is made toward plastering the church building, which has been occupied thus far without inside finish. A Sunday-school boy brought to meeting five dollars which he had collected. Fifteen dollars were quickly added, and a warmer and more attractive church for winter use is in sight.

Paso Robles.—Two gentlemen, who are proficient players upon the cornet and violin, have recently come among us and will assist in the Sunday evening song service. There was a good attendance last Sabbath and we were privileged to have Mr. Barnard and son of the First church, Oakland, in the congregation. Mr. Barnard was a large subscriber to our building fund and it was gratifying to hear him express his opinion that in the building of the new church we had obtained a great deal for our money. The pastor will preach the sermon for the union Thanksgiving service.

Los Angeles, Vernon.—This church has had, for some time past, a prayer-meeting conducted by a young lady who has had great success with boys. They meet just before the Wednesday evening meeting and most of the boys remain to the larger meeting. They often take an active part with the older people. A girls' prayer-meeting has lately been started on the same plan. These meetings help to make religion very practical. Those who come tell of their successes and failures in meeting temptation and pray for greater victory. They also seek to win others to Christ. Another prayer custom of this church is worthy of notice. At eight o'clock on Saturday evening the bell rings for prayer. It calls upon all who hear it to join in prayer, claiming a blessing for the coming Sabbath.

Notes and Personals.

Rev. B. F. Sargent will address the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity next Monday on the subject, "Shall Ministers Unite in Marriage Divorced Persons?"

The First Presbyterian church of Oakland rejoices in the raising of sufficient money to liquidate its \$8,500 mortgage. We rejoice with them. "We are brethren."

The Central Avenue church of Los Angeles has been promised by the Church Building Society \$1,000 to aid in the erection of a new church edifice which is to cost \$5,000.

In the First Congregational church of Oakland last Sunday the pastor preached a Home Missionary sermon. He asked for \$1,200 for the work of the California Home Missionary Society and about \$1,400 was pledged.

The Second Congregational church of Oakland expects to be out of debt soon. Plans are being made for the burning of the church mortgage early next year. The Rev. J. W. Phillips has done an excellent work as leader in that field.

The church at San Mateo usually has more men in attendance at the evening service than women. Last Sunday evening, however, the attendance was 65 men and 70 women. This church has gone without socials and fairs during the past year and yet without any indebtedness.

It is reported that the trustees of the First Congregational church at Los Angeles have bought lots on the west side of Hope street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, for \$16,000. The lots have a frontage of 120 feet and depth of 165 feet. The new building will be erected there and work will be begun ere long, inasmuch as the church has the use of the old building for six months only.

California Big Trees.

The California Indians have a saying that other trees grow, but the Great Spirit created the sequoias out of hand. It is the savage way of calling them miracles. And they are, for how a tree from twenty-five to thirty stories high, and with room, if hollowed, to shelter three hundred guests, and leave stabling quarters on the ground floor for a dozen horses, could have jumped up from the earth and inspired from the air enough to build itself along without waiting, is incomprehensible. * * * It gives you a queer feeling to look at a tree in full plumage that might have been flaunting its green needles when there was not as much as a neck of land in the known world between Liverpool and Honolulu. * * * If ever a tree should have a tongue, it is the *sequoia gigantea*, the king of redwoods. Somehow, it seems to you, such vastness should appeal to more senses than one. * * * A man whose axe used to tick like a lively clock in "the sounding woods of Maine" asks "how much cordwood will one of the big fellows make?" The answer, if snugly piled along the roadside would extend twenty-eight hundred feet, and if twenty-five cords a winter of such fuel will keep his chimney roaring with satisfaction, one tree would last him sixteen years.

One after another the wonder-stories of childhood prove true. Lemuel Gulliver's talent for vegetable lying in his most Brobdingnagian mood would not have added more than two hundred feet to the tallest Sequoia, which is very short range for anybody with a gift for drawing the long bow.—From "Between the Gates," by Benj. F. Taylor, 1880.

To the call of God, in whatever way it may come, what is our response? Do we, as faithless servants, pretend not to hear? Do we say, "Call somebody else, we are too busy to attend to it"? Do we seek to avoid the call by excuses or false humility? Do we ignore God's claim upon us for service? Or, lastly, are we like the son in the parable, who answered, "I go, but went not"? We trust that our response shall not be a faithless one. Let us respond, like Isaiah after the coal had touched his lips, "Here am I; send me." Let us have the spirit of Paul, "I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me." Let us go a step higher in our answer to God's call in the very spirit of Jesus Christ, "I do always the things that please him."

Our Boys and Girls.

Queer Little Historians.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward
All alone,
Leaves a tiny "telltale story"
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water
Down the hill,
Shows where once in a merry laughter
Flowed a rill.

In the coal-bed dark and hidden,
Ferns—how queer!—
Left a message plainly saying:
"We've been here!"

You may see where tiny ripples
On the sands,
Leave a history written by their
Unseen hands.

Why, the oak-trees, by their bending,
Clearly show
The direction playful winds blew
Years ago!

So our habits tell us, little
Maids and men,
What the history of our whole past
Life has been!

—Boys and Girls.

The Cheer-Up Club.

There were five of them, if you counted the baby, and they formed a club—the Cheer-Up club. Of course mamma began it—mamma began all the nice things that pleased every one.

"What shall we do now, mamma?" Hazel had asked one rainstormy day; and mamma had looked down the scale of four dubious little faces, from Austin's down through Clem's and Debbie's to Ivy's (the baby wasn't dubious), and then she had said, "Let's join a club, every one of us."

So that was the way it came about. There were "truly" laws and by-laws in a blank-book, written out in Austin's very best writing, and you paid your fines—when you were solemn, and there wasn't any need of it, you know—into the funny little tin trunk on mamma's bureau. When the trunk was all jingly with pennies, the club was going to cheer somebody up with them somehow—mamma was going to think of a way.

It was dull and "mis'able," as Ivy said, one morning, when all the little Cheer-Ups sat down to breakfast. Little slate-colored clouds scurried across the sky and bumped against each other. There was not a sunbeam as big as your thumb, even!

"Oh, my!" cried Hazel between the third and fourth bites of her johnny-cake. "I'm 'fraid this is going to be a dreadful day!"

"Well, maybe, but I can't think of a single person to be cheered up," said Austin, thoughtfully.

Papa glanced out of the window. "I can," he said. "There's lots of folks. First of all, there's Mother Nature—the dear old lady looks all out of sorts."

The Cheer-Ups laughed.

"But who else, papa?" asked Hazel, eagerly. "I want a case."

"Well, then, Uncle Nahum Trotter. He always has rheumatism on days like this, and his poor old muscles almost tie up in hard knots."

"I'll try to 'tend to Uncle Nahum," Hazel said, with her round little face full of compassion.

15 Minutes

sufficient to give you most delicious tea biscuit using Royal Baking Powder as directed. A pure, true leavener.

Mamma laid down her fork with a sudden little click. "I've thought of a case," she exclaimed, "for one of you! Let's see, first—"

"Me, mamma!" cried Ivy, excitedly.

"Well, you, dear. Mrs. Butterworth's lame Christy went to the hospital yesterday, and she couldn't go with him. It almost broke her heart."

"Oh," murmured Ivy, pityingly, "but I'm 'most too little for such a big cheer-upping as that, mamma."

"You can do a little, dear. I think it will help," said mamma, gently.

Austin's face was creased with little criss-cross thought lines. Pretty soon he spoke slowly: "There's Kent Bishop; he's a case, too. He's got a bad sore throat, and prob'ly 'twould cheer him up to play checkers."

"Yes, dear," mamma said. She knew very well that Austin thought checkers were "stupid."

"Well, I'll take Kent, I guess," quietly decided Austin.

"Nobody's got me a case," Clem announced suddenly, such a dismal look beginning to dawn on her face that mamma jingled the spoons in the spoonholder to remind her of the tin trunk and the jingling pennies for fines.

"Oh, Clem," she said quickly, "there are so many folks to cheer up, it will keep you busy all day! First, there's the baby, you know, with his little toothies trying to cut their way through his poor little swollen gums. He's brave, but he needs helping out. And Nora had bad news in her Ireland letter this week—her old father is sick. And Kitty Clover has lost two of her babies and wants cuddling."

"And I am sure I need cheering," said papa, trying to make a solemn face. "I shall come home tonight worn out with cares of the day, and need a little girl to put some sweetness into me."

"Why," laughed Clem, "I guess you better 'scuse me, mamma, so I can go to work! I'm going to begin on the baby; but I will be ready for papa when he comes. Come, baby, we'll build a beautiful new three-story church."

That night mamma tucked a tired but happy little Cheer-Up club into bed, and don't you wonder how many of their "cases" had little warm, cheered-up spots in their hearts?—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in *Youth's Companion*.

Simplicity and Sincerity.

"The thing which most impressed me in his personality," said one describing a great man whom he had recently met, "was perfect simplicity and sincerity. Some one asked him concerning a foreign university with which he is connected—so intimately connected that his name and fame would seem to be in a measure interwoven in its success. He answered that it was not so prosperous as it had been a few years earlier, not so well attended or supported. He simply stated the fact as it stood, without apology or explanation; that was the case, and he offered nothing more.

"It occurred to me how natural—how almost irresistible to most of us—it would have been to avoid a direct reply. Our pride would have been involved, and if we had felt obliged to admit the conditions at all, it would have been with a dozen plausible reasons for their existence. But that man had absolutely no self-conceit to protect; he was what he was, and he told the simple truth with no concern for himself. His face gave me an idea of the restfulness that perfect simplicity and sincerity might bring."

It may be that God used to give you plentiful chance to work for him. Your days went singing by, each winged with some enthusiastic duty for the Master whom you loved. * * * You can be idle for him, if so he wills, with the same joy with which you once labored for him. The sick-bed or the prison or the battle-field, when once your soul has come to value as the end of life the privilege of seeking and finding him.—Phillips Brooks.

Statisticians tell us that if all of the Protestants in America and England gave a penny a day, their gifts in pennies would amount, annually, to \$400,000,000. Allowing \$1,000 for each missionary; this would put 400,000 missionaries in the field, annually. The Anglo-Saxon race hold in their hands the possibility of the redemption of the world within this century.

The weariness and sadness of life come from persistently closing our eyes to its greatness. * * * There is no life so poor as that which, through too close a grasp of visible things, has lost all conscious hold upon unseen realities.

The Secret of the Pansy.

LILLIAN CUSHING.

Would you like to know the secret
Of the pansy's smiling face,
How it lifts its dainty petals
With such winsome, sunny grace?

I can tell you all about it,
For I overheard, one day,
Two dusky little fellows,
Whispering of it in this way.

Said the first one, big and purple,
With a beaming yellow eye,
"It is time to give our budlets
Their first lesson of the sky."

Then they showed each shy, wee blossom
How to look up to the sun,
That their leaves might gently open
As he kissed them one by one.

In each pansy's heart a sunbeam
Slyly nestled, there to stay.
That is why their cheery faces
Always look so bright and gay.

A short prayer will get to heaven
quicker than a long one.

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BRIEFS.

Every man is serving some kind of a master.

He who loves folly may well listen to flattery.

It is the privilege of every Christian to have a mountain-moving faith, and yet how many grow faint at the sight of a mole-hill!

The nation holds open the front door of the saloon while the devil tends the back door that leads to the gutter, the brothel, and to hell.

It is a great thing when a man is willing from his heart to submit himself to the ordinances which God has established for his salvation.—Krummacher.

You cannot do a better thing than to have your son join the Boys' Department of the Young Men's Christian Association, which is one of the most popular things among the boys of the city.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

No. 78,544

In the matter of the Application of "Richmond Congregational Church," a benevolent corporation, for permission to mortgage real estate.

The "Richmond Congregational Church," a religious corporation, having filed in this Court a petition for permission to mortgage a certain piece of real property, situated in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at a point formed by the intersection of the Southerly line of Clement Street, with the Westerly line of Seventh Avenue; running thence Southerly, along said line of Seventh Avenue, seventy-five (75) feet; thence at right angles Westerly one hundred and twenty (120) feet; thence at right angles Northerly, seventy-five (75) feet; and thence at right angles Easterly, one hundred and twenty (120) feet to the point of beginning; the same being a subdivision of Outside Lands Block number One Hundred and Eighty-eight (188);

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, that said petition be heard in Department number One of this Court, at the Court Room thereof, in the City Hall, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the third day of December, 1901, at ten o'clock A. M. of said day; and that a copy of this order be published for two consecutive weeks in "The Pacific," a newspaper printed and published in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated November 15th, 1901.

F. H. DUNNE,
Presiding Judge.

Endorsed: Filed Nov. 15, 1901.

WM. A. DEANE,
Clerk.

By E. M. THOMPSON,
Deputy Clerk.

The Sequoia.

And everywhere and all about you are the finest forests on earth—on any earth—the forests which are the birthright of California, and to destroy which would be agricultural suicide. Enormous pines—sugar pine, yellow pine and high mountain pine—cover the flanks of the Sierras; giant firs, spruces and cedars rival the largest trees on earth, while above all, supremely prominent over all vegetation, towers the giant sequoia, mightiest of trees. Some of these are 8,000 years old, and on one of the least of these murdered at Sequoia Mills I counted 1902 rings of annual growth. This tree was a sapling four feet through at the time of the fall of Rome, but the great ones were twenty and thirty feet through in that far-off time. There will never be such forests on earth again. Neither the State nor the government should ever let another acre of land on the Sierras be denuded of its timber, for on the preservation of our forests depends the fertility of our plains. To destroy the noblest groves and the grandest for the lumber that is in them is simply brutal. It suggests barbarian demolition of the Coliseum in the middle ages for the old iron which held its stones together. But it is easier to build a hundred Coliseums than to restore one sugar pine forest.—David Starr Jordan.

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When there is undue fullness after eating, with belching, sour risings and other distressing symptoms, a prompt use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will effect a speedy cure. In the most extreme cases of disease of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition, the persistent use of the "Discovery" will result in a complete cure in ninety-eight cases out of every hundred.

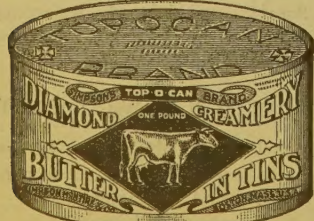
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ONE FAULT.

The World Not the Christians Home.—You must learn to be like a rock in the stream, past which the current flows rapidly, but it is unmoved. You are still in the world, but you are not of the world. You are citizens of another world, and only strangers and pilgrims here.

I never knew a man to be converted till he confessed. Cain felt bad enough over his sins, but he did not confess. Saul was greatly tormented in his mind, but he went to the Witch of Endor rather than to the Lord. Judas felt so bad over the betrayal of his Master that he went out and hanged himself; but he did not confess—that is, he did not confess to God. He came back and confessed to the priests, saying, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." It was of no use to confess to them. They could not forgive him. What he should have done was to confess to God; but, instead of that, he went right away and hanged himself.

Nicodemus stood very high; he was one of the church dignitaries; he stood as high as any man in Jerusalem, except the high priest himself. He belonged to the seventy rulers of the Jews; he was a doctor of divinity, and taught law. There is not one word of Scripture against him; he was a man that stood out before the whole nation as a pure and spotless character. What does Christ say to him? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

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How many times have I heard men in the prayer-meeting say, "I did not expect to speak tonight, but as no one else has spoken I think it my duty to say a word." They just talk to kill time, and such men do kill time, and the meeting, too.

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